And to him in his Barge with former hyes,
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight,
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Where what is done in action, more if might
Shalbe diſcouerd, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can reſolue you, O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Helly. That hee haue his, call vp ſome Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordſhip call?

Helli. Gentlemen there is ſome of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Hell. Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would reſolue you.

Lyſ. Hayle reuerent Syr, the Gods preſerue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Li. You wiſh mee well, beeing on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are.

Hell. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Syr our veſſell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not ſpoken to anie one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Li. Vpon what ground is his diſtemperature?

Hell Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe ſprings fró the loſſe of a beloued daughter & a wife.

Li. May wee not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe. Is your ſight ſee, will not ſpeake to any, yet let me obtaine my wiſh.

Lyſ. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon.

Hell. Till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall ſir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir we haue a maid in *Metiline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweet harmonie, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are midway ſtopt, ſhee is all happie, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Iſlands ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But ſince your kindneſſe wee haue ſtretcht thus farre, let vs beſeech you, that for our golde we may prouiſion haue, wherein we are not deſtiture for want, but wearie for the ſtaleneſſe.

Lyſ. O ſir, a curteſie, which if we ſhould denie, the moſt iuſt God for euery graffe would ſend a Caterpillar, and ſo inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to knowe at large the cauſe of your kings ſorrow.

Holl. Sit ſir, I will recount it to you, but ſee I am preuented.

Lyſ. O hee'rs the Ladie that I ſent for,
Welcome faire one, iſt not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lyſ. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble ſtocke, I do wiſh
No better choiſe, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22334) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.h.5) Octavo